

C.5-1971



hominid







HOMINY

Student Writing

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Humanties 197.6 - Arthur Weiner

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HOWE

Stamford, Conn.

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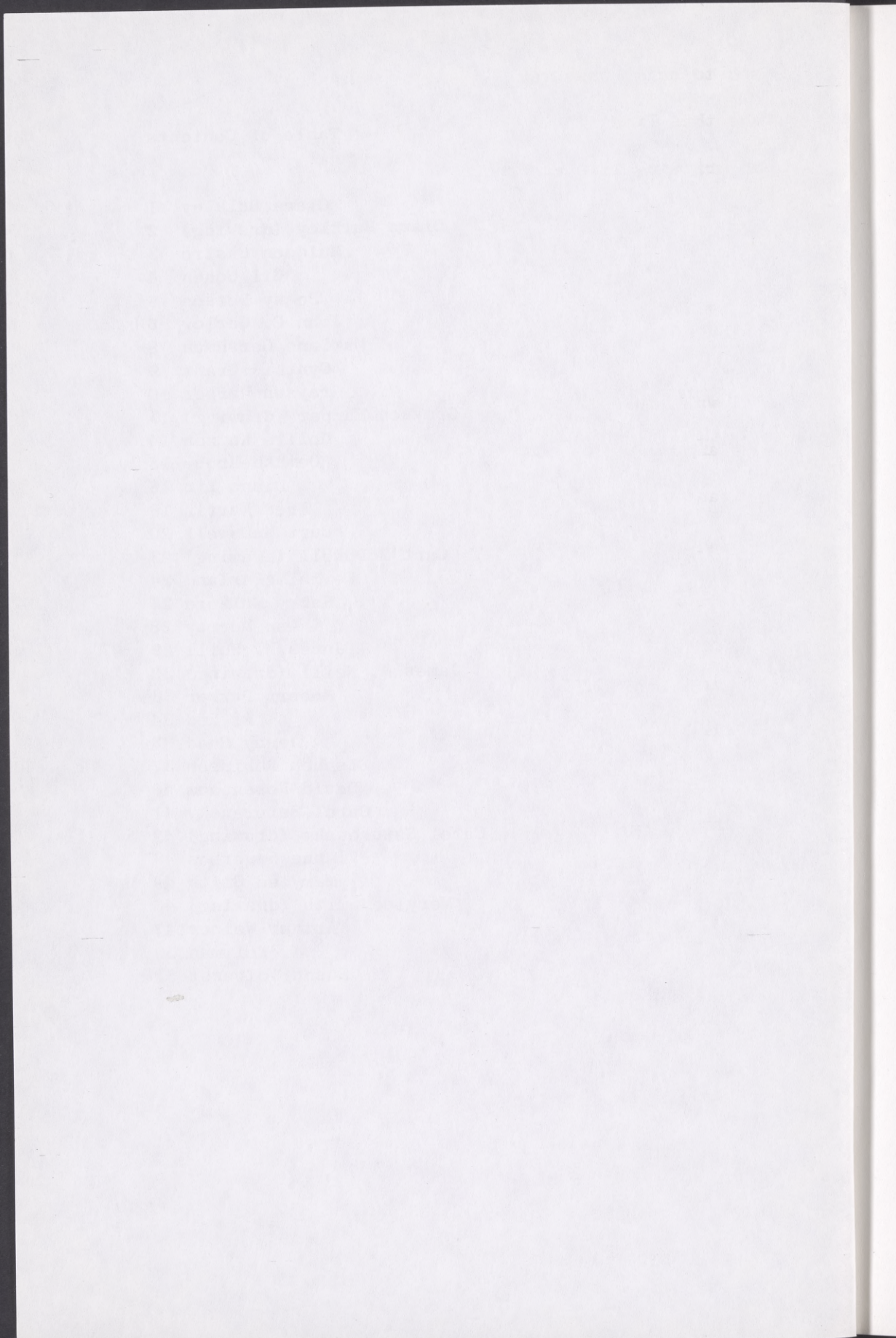
Given over to the people



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Used to be an easy way

Take this line

and write my life across it

sign away years    lost is tomorrow

\* \* \* \* \*

If I walked across Columbus street today in the rain

and my yellow rain slicker hood covered my eyes

and my Japanese umbrella covered my eyes

and a boy stands next to me and I can't see too well

And if, when today I walked across Columbus street

in the rain

If a car came splash! real fast and It didn't want to stop

so it killed me

I might drown in a puddle

-- Clara Bulkley



Clara Bulkley - Photograph





TO BE CONTINUED

When he awoke some morning  
The Walrus discovered himself  
Perched roundly  
And very large  
Upon the Apocalypse

Whereupon

He striped one tusk red AND

Spotted one tusk blue AND

Came upon his hat AND

Leapt a mile-

Whereupon

With great bravery he

Plugged three new copper bullets

Into a can of beer AND

Passed into his next

Incarnation as

\*\*B\*I\*L\*L\*Y - T\*H\*E - K\*I\*D\*\*

Thereafter

On that very spot he

-Ran for mayor of Atlantis,

-Swam the Mare Nebula,

-Invented three planets, AND

-Chased Bull Durham out of Tombstone

Whereupon

Between a cast of thousands

And the deep blue sea

He watched his irridescent thoughts AND

Applauded at all the right spots AND

Ate a comet AND

Roared down a nightmare AND

Danced with the Furies AND

Gave up the Ghost AND-

You haven't heard much of him yet;

But one of these days

He'll set the world on fire.

-- Muldoon Castro



MOM

Mom oh mom  
    come look and see  
I've got a car  
    I've got what you don't want me to  
have.  
    Hide it from Dad  
        and I'll shock the hell out of him  
may father's protector  
    hide me from him  
protect us all  
    life is what you dreamed  
        don't be guilty  
        your husband is rich  
Spend the money it's for you  
    don't hide that you love it  
    you are an artist  
        and I am your dream  
I'm dad's dream too  
    I won't hurt him  
we all love what you do  
    it makes you happy  
        do it  
        to more  
    you aren't deserting us  
        you aren't guilty  
your house is clean  
    you are right about my car  
I'm spoiled  
    don't worry you can afford  
        me

-- Gil Cohen



Starched onto an uncomfortable bench  
i sat  
quietly because i couldn't cry

why did i sign  
the white book?  
in memory of  
why are all these people here?

getting up earlier  
than the sun to sing until  
her eyes applauded

turn off the music  
no one is really going to - listen  
ye though i walk through  
the shadow of death  
followed me.

i breathed outside the  
black limosine carried her to  
a machine-made hole  
exactly six feet she was  
very small and sang low  
low, lower the body  
down carefully  
carefully God Damn don't kill her

-- becky dotson

-- John C. Garlow



CONFRONTATION WITH THE DOWNTOWN PEACE  
COALITION

in the jungle they talk about love  
the drums beat and you do it

a peace button - the middle  
always seems like the soundless  
space in an explosion

what do you look at when you're  
at a drive - in movie with a woman  
in the back seat of your car

Peace, ah! peace, ah!

make it and you can say you  
helped create something

for a white dove on a blue  
background there is no sin

so why pay 25¢

3rd GRADE MARX

person place or thing  
i don't think that any  
person place or thing  
needs capitalization

-- John C. Garlow



TO CARLOS WHERE EVER HE MAY BE

was it good?  
i had to look back for that one...  
to cold mornings with  
hot water from a tea kettle  
to an old indian grandmother  
pasting my chest with vick's  
to a three room house and  
a family or four  
and so  
flash! a scene from pennybacker's  
(is that his name)  
don't look back  
don't tell me and don't ask me  
the bus passes and you look  
back at yourself standing there  
if you squeeze a nut in  
a nutcracker you can get  
to the meat  
i don't know what that means  
but i was once held up  
waiting for the n judah  
by black men stalking for gazelle  
i am a hunter too  
grabbing meat that's hanging  
from a bone and hot from the fire  
the taste  
is it good?  
was it good?

--- John C. Garlow



his people  
Cringing and cramped  
into crawling cattle cars  
the chosen people  
Chosen for what  
the smell of seeping gas  
from death soiled shower stalls  
the smell of a mother's vomit  
as she slays her child  
to shield it against the world's  
mad man  
who raped her sister  
and ravaged her home  
the sight of old Men  
who cry for their beards  
and pray for Him  
who led them there  
bent backs and aching minds  
black coats  
praying for Him,  
the Judas goat.

They passed the Maot Hittim\*  
and the poor fell on their knees  
and prayed  
and thanked  
and were shot  
while the Jews moaned  
the Jews laughed  
and they  
passed the Maot Hittim

\*money passed  
among the poor  
during passover  
and holy days

-- Marlene Gershman



WHAT CAN YOU SAY TO A CITY: Part 1

What can you say to a city  
that smells like the inside of somebody's mouth?  
Where a hunchback can get his hunch  
caught in a streetcar door  
before your very eyes;  
Where sad and once beautiful ladies  
stop wearing watches thinking they can fool themselves  
if not the world.

In the streets, the people chant "Hare Krishna,"  
"Come Back to God," "Buy This" and  
"If You Don't Like It, Lump It."

What can you say to a city  
that smells like the inside of somebody's mouth?  
You can say good-bye.

WHAT CAN YOU SAY TO A CITY: Part 2

A bus walks up and farts right in my face.  
Standing on a little rock island  
a blackman with flowers and feathers in his hat  
Waves bye-bye to the people on the streetcar  
for the sheer pleasure of blowin' their minds.

-- Cynthia Grant



## Exerpt from FAMILY REUNION

Slap.

"Gotcha," said Sonny Sherman.

He put the flyswatter down by his chair and took another sip of orangeade. A car was coming over the rise. The sun made it look like red wine bubbling away. To Sonny Sherman-- who was sitting in a rickety, straw-bottom chair, leaning back against the side of Sherman's Texaco, reading the latest copy of "Super EgoThor Action Comics" -- it looked like a huge bottle of red wine shimmering in the sun. He watched as it slowed down and pulled up to one of the pumps. He kept watching as if in a trance as five more cars began to draw up in a tight line, then cut across the divider and pull up to his station, which was in the middle of nowhere. Or nearly nowhere.

"Well, I'll be shitted," Sonny Sherman mumbled to himself, and forgot all about Super EgoThor as he skipped out to where the wine bottle was waiting. As he did this, the bottle exploded on every side and people started pouring out. In fact, people were coming from everywhere, stretching and gaping, looking around at the flat prairie, the windmill cranking lazily in the distance. They were an odd assortment to Sonny who was running around frantically trying to help them all at once. Most of them were over fifty, dressed up on a weekday. Men in blue suits, green suits, gold suits, fine Stetson hats, polished boots of red, tan and gold. The ladies wearing mostly the same dress, only different colors that all seemed to clash. Hair was piled up, every color but natural, stiff with sprays. And faces--except a few, like Aunt Lilian's and Grandmer's-- painted with lots of red rouge. Most were thinking of rest-rooms. Others thought of soda pop or water or Toms peanut butter crackers, and all went off in various directions in search of individaul quests.

I got out and stretched and when Grandmer emerged, she spied the young attendant and called out, "Hello, sonny," to which he replied, "Why, hello ma'am, how'd you know my name?"

Grandmer stopped.

"I don't know you're name," she said, wondering if there was something she had already forgotten.

"But you called me by my name."

"Well," she replied, "If I did, I certainly didn't know it. I merely said hello."

"No ma'am. You said 'hello, Sonny,' an' that there's my name."

"Hello Sonny?"

"No ma'am. Jus' th' Sonny part. That there's my name."

"Oh yes, yes. Well, hello, Sonny!" She laughed right out loud, and so did Aunt Fran and Aunt Lilian, both holding



onto their purses and each other, singing in unison, "Hello, Sonny!" And went off to the Ladies laughing and gigling.

Sonny watched them and mumbled, "I'll be shitted," then to Otto, said, "C'n I he'p ye, mister?"

"Fill it," Otto replied without looking at him, and he pulled out a piece of kidskin and started wiping off the windshield.

When Grandmer came back she said, "You live around here, Sonny?"

"Yes'm, right chonder," and pointed at a little white cottage barely visible.

"Where's that?" Grandmer asked.

"Well, it's in Cool."

"Cool?"

"Yes'm. It's a town."

Grandmer squinted.

"I don't see any town."

"Well, yes'm, there's a town there, but nobody lives there. If you watch real careful, you'll maybe see a little white sign that says 'Cool' on it an' th' population right under it."

"What's the population?"

"Well, as I said b'fore, there ain't really nobody livin' there---not in th' city limits. They give th' population as bein' 'round ninety-four. But them's mainly ranchers an' tenents that live aroun' out here."

"Why do they have a town if nobody lives in it?" said Grandmer.

"For th' gov'ment, I reckon. You know. Census, taxes, FBI, Army. Jus' so's they'll know they's somebody out here."

"You said you live in Cool."

"Yes'm I did. Akshully, my daddy an' me don't live in Cool either. We live 'bout fifteen yards from th' city limits. Nobody really lives in th' town."

"Well, surely there's something there--something that makes it a town. Maybe a townhall where cattlemen can meet to discuss their problems."

"Oh, yes'm, well, we been doin' that a lot. Fact, they was a meetin' t'other day over th' drought. Then somebody got aroun' to askin' why in heck do we have a town if nobody lives there. An' Juke Boakman, who's a big talker 'round here, said somebody down at th' state capitol's makin' a big profit off'n them signs."

"What signs?"

"Them signs like that one that says 'Cool' an' gives th' population. Ol' Juke says them signs cost thirty-five bucks apiece. Says they been puttin' 'em up all over th' place--puttin' town where there ain't no towns, an' chargin' us for 'em."

Grandmer squinted.



"I sure don't see your townhall from here."  
"Oh, well, no ma'am, I reckon not. It ain't in th' town either. It's akshully just a tabernacle down by Myrtle's Creek clear back the other way. There ain't anything in th' town."

"Are you looking after things today?"  
"Yes'm, my Daddy's feelin' kinda puny today. He left me in charge."

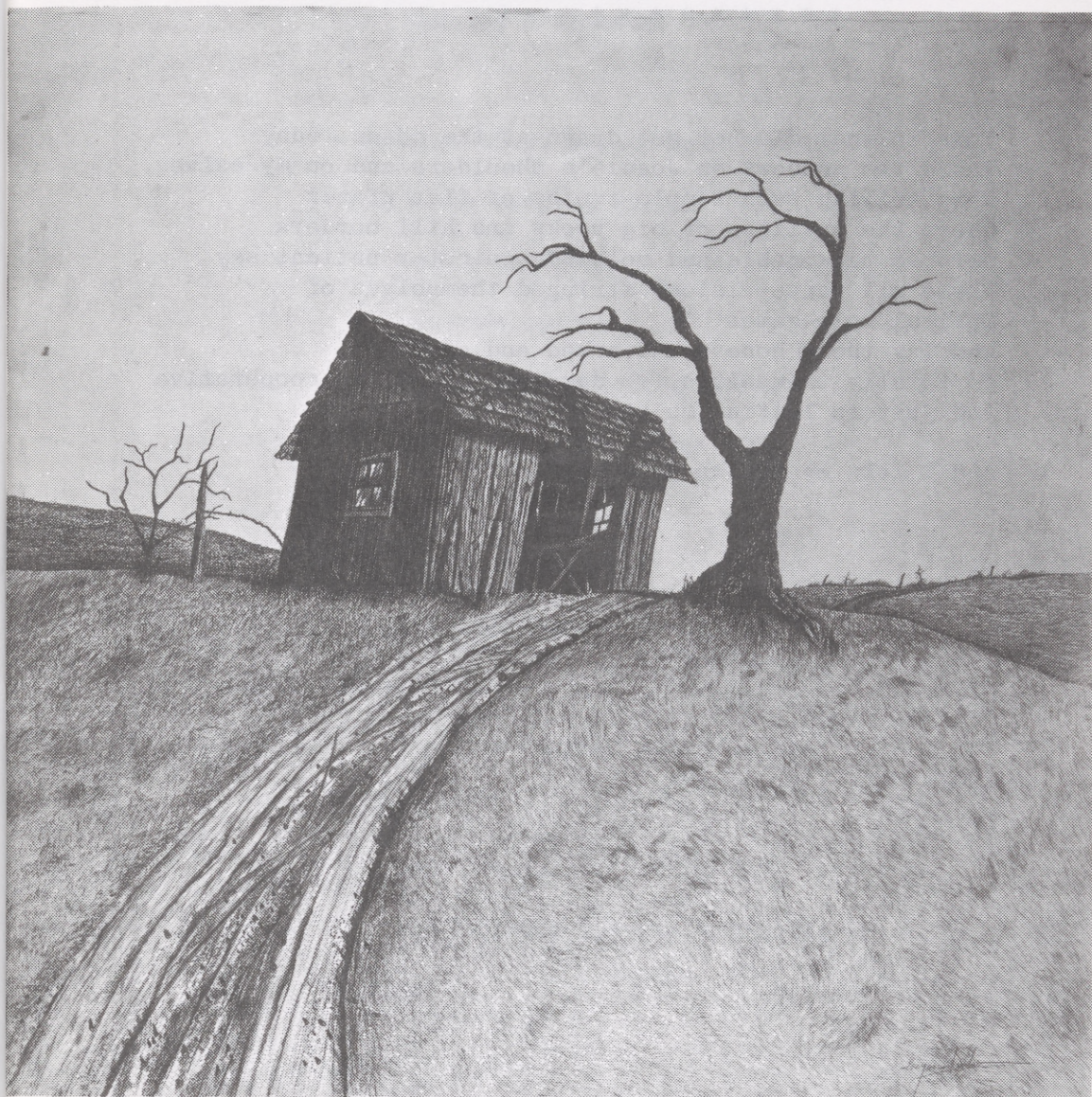
As he looked at the well-dressed lady with white hair, high cheekbones and sparkling brown eyes, Sonny smiled and said, "Would you like an orangeade, ma'am? It's on th' house."

-- Grayson Harper.



New England is a first when in North on California-  
Route-One is a first when in Upstate New York is  
a first when alone on a Sunday evening going down  
is a first when back in the growing pains is a first  
when apart and feeling the growing pains is a first  
when thinking that you could've stopped long ago and  
never come over this far.

Grayson Harper - Drawing





New England is a treat when in Marin on California-  
Route-One is a treat when in Upstate New York is  
a treat when alone on a Sunday evening going down  
is a treat when back home with the People is a treat  
when apart and feeling the growing pains is a treat  
when thinking that you could've stopped long ago and  
never come even this far.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is what did not get drawn at the ocean today  
Where the shadows on Joanie's shoulders and on my calves,  
Were telling such simple truths of flat planes  
Where the outlines of big rocks and hill borders  
Were so reasonable and relaxed against a patient sky  
Where all these visions stripped themselves of  
Optical role-games  
And lay there honest and naked and open  
So totally themselves, so dark-and-light, so cooperative  
And just so letting me see them

And I left my sketch book home.

-- Mollie Katzen



BUTTERFLY/SAUSAGE/McQUEEN ELEGY

Links upon links

Of butterfly sausage

Chains of slavery

Mad dog's freedom

a sinking ship, filled upon filled

of all the reeking smells

and striped pants mean something

pressed bodies

bodies pressed into service

the bodies of a king

brown sweat

furrowed brows lined with

crystal

women's furrows smell of the

crystal

and the dog of a king sits

and waiting for his butterfly

sausage

-- Oemhke-Krohe



nineteen years  
through a pathless garden

between milky carnations  
over the cradle  
and black primroses  
on the grave

how pink the dried orchid years  
and thorny  
that horny first rose  
how the calyx of colours  
camouflaged the pistil  
while the stigma invited  
the flighty grain

those holy wholesome days  
birthday blooms  
bleeding white blood and  
white nuns in mourning  
in fields on altars  
in silver tinseled clay

daisies in promiscuity  
in streets hair hands knees  
among beads of  
hue and dew  
with sunlight speeding  
among the morning tears  
and nighttime fragrance  
fuming basements where  
yellow grains are scattered

growing poison mushrooms in the sky  
you and  
I

am thankful  
accordingly

no flowers grow  
on a gardenless path

-- Diana Lin



Father:

With your white lips  
and white face  
you say to me go  
and live a white lie  
because that is what you are  
to your 300 odd limbs

With your white limbs  
in your white Mercedes 300S  
you mock the monolith  
with shots of other-than-tea and  
other-than-wives and  
modes other-than-Mandarin collars  
in your white mind and

your white eye  
cloth other-than-yellow bodies  
bleaching your own  
and pitching it above (so you think)  
the 300 odd yellow limbs  
that cringe to white slime  
exuding from your  
white lips that

sip white wines in toast  
to the sweat and slime  
from meagre ricebowls while

with your white other-than-rice  
you entice your white belly  
and mine  
on Sunday noons in  
white-tablecloth places

because you think (perhaps)  
that families should dine together  
sometimes and while

you are toasting in lobbies or  
enticed by other-than-wives (so nicely  
to the beat of jet propellers)  
our orphaned Susan  
grinds to the lazy tunes  
of a headless meal



and while you  
shift and shuffle and ride and side and  
pride in white games

on her white sheets  
a mateless yellow body  
sizzles for her flagrant mate            and

on white streets  
within white cement walls  
this yellow body  
and other-than-yellow mind  
bred from your generous seed  
writes in other-than calligraphy  
eats with other-than chopsticks  
and knows the way  
in other-than the Way.

-- Diana Lin



We saw a range of far, cloudy citadels, vast and distant in the empyrean. Their color was of white gold floating on the turquoise sea of eternal time; they were the shining reflection of dark and multitudinous desert peaks, themselves adrift, purple, black, edged with silver haze on a timeless sea of sand.

--beyond Isfahan

(and I dreamed:

of an arabesqued mirror, of shape octagonal or more, pulsing, with the cubic Zoroastrian Fire-Tower at the center.)

--in Teheran

(and I read:

of America in a magazine and in a Teheran book store, Paris Match and Altamont. I saw in her mirror a pandemonium, a Titanic grinding on the ice while her passengers cavort and sing, the cacaphony of a nation in torment, in birth and death--where each event must be judged, each decision tested with a sense of the whole, of openness, of history, and of respect.

--over the deserts of Afghanistan

-- Fred Martin



DEAR TED

I wish to hell you were here, ted  
beer, ted  
queer ted.  
my nose sits under the lilacs, ted  
my ears wait down by the traffic, ted  
my feet walk crooked on the track ties, ted,  
and sometimes,  
I wonder what they did with our three-cornered shed.

I miss those nights walking,  
snow on our heads,  
and though we both got weary of the winter  
I relive now those stops in the doors  
those forts from the wind  
those cigarettes you wore  
in a chain around your life.

Your wife, dear ted,  
if the Middle-west permitted  
and the two of us committed ourselves, good ted.  
remember too late?  
remember too early?  
remember when the fat babb flapped on the shore?  
how about the time mary pissed on your coat  
or the boat that we stole from the campus police?  
don't forget frieda  
don't forget frankie  
and don't, dear ted, forget me.

2

I wish to hell you were here, ted  
clanking your spoon in your coffee cup, ted.  
my nose sniffs gently round your nicotine fingers  
and your clandestine energy lingers,  
and lingers.

how many walks did we take, dear ted?  
how many times did we talk?  
omigod  
omigod  
we could've talked till we couldn't  
and the snow-covered tracks had to  
listen to us crunch.  
had to listen to our dreams.  
had to listen to our hopes, and a hunch about the shed.



3

I wish to hell you were here, ted  
or I was there, a time ago,  
propped up,  
in your bed  
reading musty smells.  
needing trusting man/words telling me I'm me, ted  
telling me I'm me, and  
selling me some truth.

4

Your front gold tooth  
a vinyl booth, pink, and often crowded.  
I am proud  
but not allowed to shout the name of ted, ted  
the dead will hear and scorn us  
the living take up mourning for us  
keep it quiet on the bus  
and shout to raging winds.

5

your room,  
a room of trash and rats  
your basement lit with candles  
your kitchen fills with piles of rocks  
and on your porch,  
you sit,  
silently sinking,  
emotions filling with holes.

I cried into your lap, ted, and  
smiled into your chest.  
I pouted in my pillow, and  
wondered where  
the card party shed  
the beer party shed  
our first home-away-from-home three cornered shed  
had gone.

6

Now the thoughts of you  
and the smells I see  
and the times that I've felt like a man minus ted  
make me wish like hell  
for the things that'r gone---  
My ted and our three cornered shed.

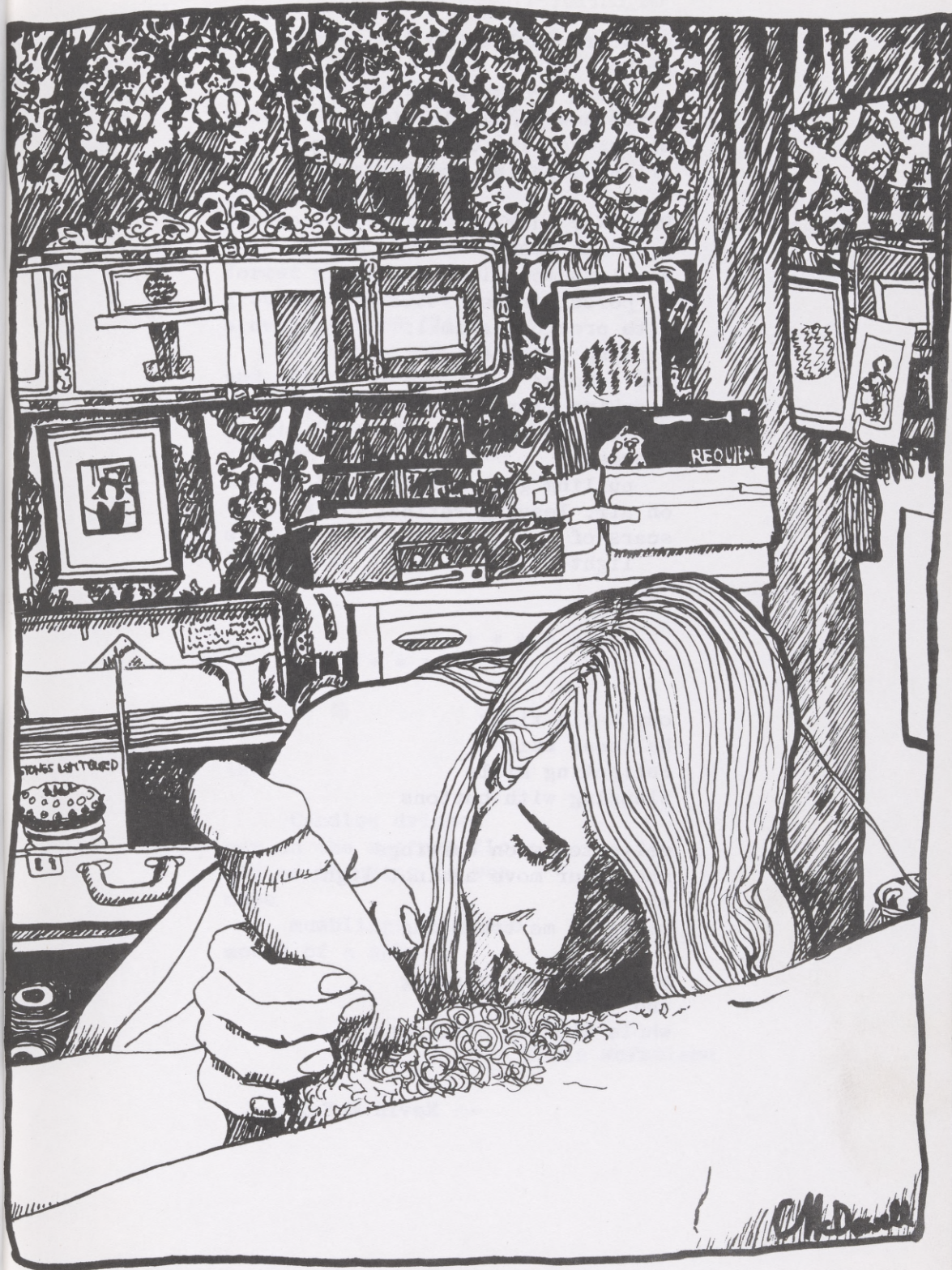
-- Curt McDowell



Oh Christ it was wet  
and the sweat making noise  
as she toyed with the head of my prick.  
"Suck it, you wench,"  
I said, cause I knew  
what she wanted to hear, and her slick  
lips slipped to the base.  
I held her head  
then touched her face  
then pinched her nipples hard.  
"Oh Christ," she said  
as the wet sweat poured,  
and she slid off, sucking in air,  
"I want to get you there."

-- Curt McDowell







CASABLANCA, A STORY

moisture curling on  
smoke,  
    where crooks make  
Knife sounds/playing  
cards, selling deals/pulling  
grins, glancing shadows

Post War odors of  
fiendish desire!  
careless memories  
of porcelain sex rooms  
with precious animals  
barking silence  
and echoes/  
speaking french  
    leaving ropes in  
stories  
    pulling guns drawn  
on air, leaving retinal  
scars of  
    light

\* \* \* \* \*

our sails tight  
balloony skin  
reflecting hills  
slapping with buttons

delicate swoon carvings  
make your move against light  
and  
waves of me trembling

grass between roaring  
and  
whole Kinetic stillness

-- Kevin McFarland



## IDEA FOR SCIENCE FICTION FILM

Thrown off their feet  
by the impact of the collision  
we regain our balance and  
take a look at the receding earth.

"Looks like an illustration out  
of my old geography book" Comments  
single O. Baltimore smuked and  
concentrated on landing.

As the explorers enter a  
forest glade strange modular  
growths tower above them and  
a curious bird flies above.

A jungle sky shifts  
and slides on waves of  
hypngogic lotion.  
Single O repeats his name.  
strange skeletal frame  
a mood forgotten  
under water  
eyes turn and sink  
like dying planets.

\* \* \* \* \*

1957

Candles dripped  
wax on the rectory floor  
and me thinking it was  
some

mumblings from the  
mouth of a saint

-- Kevin McFarland



WORK IN PROGRESS -- Harry Mulford

then there was the matter of my madness  
it was of not much importance  
but nevertheless a matter that had to be dealt with

it was on the morning of the 29th of May that I went mad  
a few minutes after eight  
I was drinking tea and having my first cigarette of the day  
when suddenly without warning I went mad  
it was most annoying  
I had planned a full day of so many things to do  
and then there was a concert that evening  
of course I missed it  
I could not finish my tea which I had been enjoying  
although I refused to put my cigarette out  
I sat there smoking watching my tea grow cold  
my whole day had been spoiled

after I finished my cigarette I got up  
washed out the teacup emptied the ashtray  
and set the table straight with the chair  
I locked my self in my room and pulled the blind  
found a comfortable chair and settled my self  
to study in detail the cracks on the wall

there must have been a week of tiresome knocking  
before they broke down the door  
which ruined all the patterns in the air  
they insisted I go with them  
I really did not want to go but they insisted  
so to be nice I went with them

they gave me a room which was smaller than mine  
and the air currents were all wrong  
I stood in the center of the room and waited  
but it did not help  
I missed my room

I studied the room for a week or two  
before I discovered the ceiling  
it was covered with little holes framed by lines  
I could only appreciate it properly when lying down  
first I tried the floor  
but after two days I realized that was wrong  
the air was not moving in the right direction  
from the floor but lying on the bed  
I found was much better  
the holes with the air moving around them  
gave me the most contented feeling I had had in years  
I wondered why I had not gone mad before



FRAGMENTS -- Harry Mulford

I was born    lived    died in one day  
as the sun moves across the heavens  
my life fled    from the moment of creation  
to re-creation

I am  
(amazement)  
(wonder)  
I am

dawning and dawn  
all the world rushes me  
my only defence  
EA! EA! EA!

I have  
within my hands  
I grasp  
and hold  
I have

sunrise  
the world observes  
I hold tightly  
my hand within my hand  
my weapon

from dark caves beneath the earth  
I rise to soar over the earth  
rise in childhood  
grow strong in youth    manhood  
wise in old age    and with understanding  
and knowledge I sink beneath the earth  
into dark caves    to be born    again  
below me run the gods    near gods  
and mortals

\* \* \* \* \*

I heard a song  
                         a wild song  
winging through the night  
that was long ago  
                         and children  
ran and laughed to a rusty bell  
calling the recess end  
                         I stayed  
and found an empty swing hugging  
the damp ropes while a winter rain  
fell softly  
                         stayed late after school  
and ran home chased by several boys  
Mother had gone to the hospital again  
and cried myself to sleep again



UNIMPORTANT

I won't tell you  
of my love.  
It is only an old story.

God you offer me  
eternal life and happiness.  
I think you're teasing,  
again.

I spoke to God  
and told him I was ready.  
I looked up and opened my eyes.  
All I could see was the ceiling.

O Chris, see  
how plain reality is?  
Now try to sing with me.

ON A RATIO OF 1 TO 10

It is approximately  
beautiful.

DRINK YOUR DESPAIR SLOWLY, RITA

Drink your despair slowly, Rita,  
it's all you'll have till dinner time.  
There's miles and miles of nothing out there  
and one day Rita found it.

So she sat down and laughed for awhile.  
"Finally I won't be so hungry anymore," she said.  
"I've got all the nothing my stomach can hold.  
There's miles and miles of ain't out there  
and God, you lead me to it.  
Thank you Lork, now at least I can stop looking."

So she sat down and wept for awhile.  
"Finally I won't be so hungry," she said.  
"Hope always seemed such an unetable thing,  
but spread over a piece of ain't,  
it won't be so bad."

-- Ann Murray



Harlequin touched me!  
Melancholy; tearful; shy  
Picasso clad and sadly pensive...  
Demurely dreaming....  
Thinly

speaking eyes  
That self-accuse and weep;  
Knowing not the why of weeping

Wh?!

Because.

The lonely seem to never know the source of tears.

(He was homosexual  
and forty-five  
and I screamed inside  
and ran.)

To Seventh  
(Thank God) only...

Quick

Down

Market

Eternal circus

I despise;

Abhor....

And walk down barely breathing

For the horrors

Of the living there....

A Dwarf pursued me  
"Buddy can you spare a dime?"  
Comes club-foot tripping  
Monster midget head on shoes  
That Dietrich lacking  
Dance

and

Minnie Mouse clumsy  
Ballerinas around  
My shuddering step....  
Great playing-card-face  
Wearing

Lautrec eyes  
That leer grotesquely  
Selling

Himself

The God-made

Freak.....That he was.



Sick, I run to flee  
The milling bête noires of the street....  
And bump  
Into the Clown  
Great-Wide-Mouth  
Red-Mouth  
Perpetual-painted handout smile..  
Diamond outline eyes  
That lie  
To Children...  
There is  
          no sad song there!  
Beyond the rubber and the rouge  
Cystic eyes  
Sparkle-dim and yellow  
Eyes consumed by liquor; syphilis...fear  
Costumed clever idiot  
Out to win another beer  
Trooping inanely.....The worlds insane!

A screaming monkey  
Shark teeth screaming  
Nostrils wide  
                    And screaming  
Echoes of my screams inside  
Black  
          and clutching  
Stretching  
Half-wit child  
Screaming!.....

Ugly.....  
All of them!.....  
And because they are...  
I am afraid...  
For ugly terrifies.....  
Don't touch me!.....  
How can you live  
Being  
          What you are?



How can you live  
Not being what you aren't?  
How

Can you

Live at all?....

No! Don't answer!

Your words will touch me!

Don't touch me!

\* \* \* \* \*

You

Did not care enough to keep

The fragil snowflake of our dream...

And pride refuses

Men to weep

I can not cry.

But stunned I go

And, Scarlett going

Down the street

I will think about it...

Tomorrow.

-- James M. Neill



James M. Neill - drawing





what falls which way  
up  
down  
to catch the wind

\* \* \*

plates on sounds of hands  
in water  
sounds of time pass  
the lights won't go off  
who said the sun always sets

\* \* \*

courage takes time  
no thought passes  
set the sails  
we're off  
what colour is the sky?  
a slight tint of laughter

\* \* \*

how many chairs in the world?  
Butterflies sit on leaves  
why am I so big?

\* \* \*

the time when all is new-  
colours laugh  
as people see  
a windmill, green with sound  
when all is new

\* \* \*

return to empty  
but the sun is out  
what a fine day  
when will you return

\* \* \*

transparent  
clouds see new and  
old

-- robert parker



There go those bells again, this time I'm on the wrong side, bad side, on the street toes waiting for a way to point, where the hell is the car; must be going mad a memory can't go that fast, too many of the wrong things don't stunt your growth, just where the hell is the car the next morning. Damn wind, hate the wind cutting my face and hands to ribbons enough to make you cry. There she is poor green bitch got to be a woman old as she is only the paint's saved her none of that other crap about 'good o'l girl' just the paint. Come on lock, unlock, it's me, It's alright you can relax, thank you. Christ what a smelly mess, sunbaked, smells of bad years, food, cigarettes; smell of Doggie Dinners hiding somewhere being cooked for the thousandth time. I like to be here when it rains clean and safe somehow, but today I remember all the garbage under the seats, the shiny pennies buried in all that god knows what came here to die. Somehow we share that shiny things under the dust, shiny metal under old whores paint new if it were seen, but old hearts. Come on heart start, go, go, ah, sound so sick today sorry no worry, no more weight under my eyes; but I think about you, wonder how that great steel heart can explode suck, explode suck, how many years, best forgotten, sad now but no worry, please. There's that noise again only when we're moving though I don't even hear anymore really, just tune it out like voices without words, you can't tell me so why listen or do you try?

Look out what the hell's he think he's doing out there



trying to get killed, what the hell are you doing in here, going someplace, but out there? Oh go to hell. Where are we going anyway, oh yes I remember well maybe the same place after all; I hate this wish I were on the other side of those bells doing my work, what do they want now, guys thumb yelling for a ride, sorry man I'm not going that way, guilt, Can't go everybodys way, look at that 50,000 miles already it can't be that long ago, that many sad places, haven't we ever been happy together? Wow got to do something about that knock in the right front before it's nose under and that's all she wrote, that knock through my foot up my leg to where all that worry lies, no pennies here just the rot, when was that, 15 years ago before I shit that shiny thing and didn't look back how can you miss it, but it was gone, when did you first notice the complaint? Well it falls apart and you put it back together, how many times explode suck, sounds better now, and if the whiskey don't get you the wondering will, almost there again, down the hill that it breaks, up again poor clutch how many times, spin slam spin slam, it's got to end sometime somewhere, but when? Now to park you rest you, if I survive I'll be back if not well someone will find you, here now o.k. lock back on guard make it harder, see you later.

-- F. Red



I stand in the doorway  
On one leg with my eyes closed,  
Like a crane after a long flight  
Very still save one feather  
Wavering next to the nostril . . .  
And if both legs folded  
And elbows tucked into warm  
Gurgling paunch  
And head nestled down  
In down there would be nothing  
But sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

They could tell by her voice  
that she had taken off her clothes.  
But they spoke lightly,  
politely waiting down beach  
while she swam ashore;  
though the moon left no shadows  
she did not care,  
she did not care  
they would not share  
the waves.

\* \* \* \* \*

no more ums,  
from now on, um,  
you (underline you)  
must, um,  
must decide  
with confidence.  
golden rule simplified:  
try harder  
not to hurt others.

\* \* \* \* \*

The World came to  
an end.  
Her life like a French film,  
insane, anxious, burdened,  
rushing into the sea . . .  
But at the end  
Hell was over  
And she came to grasses and warblers  
And rested in the warmth of the sun.

-- Jenny Read



HOOKS, A PARTIAL DEFINITION

or

WHAT CHA GOT IN THE BOX, PANDORA

Hook - 2 types; to catch and to hold

Probably first introduced to humanity as a forked  
twig - used to catch fish. When times grew  
lean, a barb was added.

This is the other kind - to hold; as security against  
a fall

every possible prehensile organ you have can  
be  
a hook

she spoke to me with eyes that knew only crying  
Could I do it? I knew I could -----  
but only with a year's supply of magical  
trinkets and  
a bottle  
of visions

(Who is that other one - the one who climbs into  
his artist's pose  
soooo del-i-cate-ly)

"What do you mean: incomprehensible masterpiece?  
Tell that fool to stop playing with himself."

Yes ---- I expect little illuminations from other  
sources but don't expect anything but  
misguided love in return.

i.e. Most days the sun shines, if that  
means anything to you.

---- So much for the sermon to the blind.

Hooks - to hold  
discipline - the power of self mastery  
or self mystery revealed

"You'll have to wait until the expedition returns  
for the weightier part of this tract.  
Where's my horse?"

Oh, yes



Hooks - to hold

the one you see before you, a curious  
artifact of our portable, exportable (transient)  
culture, was last used to hold a hammock  
imported from either Mexico or Taiwan  
although the money the workless earned  
was probably the same

Yes - now it's beginning to drag, can't run  
like this forever - smoke too much

Alright, there's too much excess going  
on here!

(just another shot)

"No, no, my dear, words are not hooks, they're nets,  
webs."

"Looks are hooks & words are webs."

Back to the point ----

hooks - to hold

Ah yes inflection IN-FLEC-TION. Take that  
into account. We'll have you back together in no time  
Quick someone's at the door.

Hooks ----

"We're almost thru the desert now, captain."

"Good, how many survivors?"

"Only you, captain."

Hooks ----

By which whole netloads of slaves were  
packed into the suffocation holds of ships with  
such names as Welfare State.  
It would've been simpler to use legirons but  
then they're not known for their humanity.

Now what do you think would happen  
to this glorious sunfilled city if it were  
suddenly invaded by a whole fleet of  
phantom cable cars & electric busses at rush hour  
or whatever mass migration time is  
called here.

But that's another lecture  
another class  
another time...



Hooks ----

Adolescence - that funny bone of the heart  
I spent years of it hanging by a  
rope on the side of a cliff just looking  
"Shall we take them to the museum, sir,  
to show them  
where the tongues are hooks  
and the smiles hide lies  
where the eyes are hooks  
but the soul cries?  
where..."  
"No, Jives, that won't be necessary, drive on."

Hooks - to catch; to hold ---- Hooks, hooks, hooks  
hooks,  
HOOKS

Of the magical metal you've twisted  
may it all come undone  
May the bodies bent & downcast  
turn their faces to the sun  
By the spirit forces within me  
this be done, this be done  
And the power of wind and rain and earth and flame  
be sung, be sung, be sung and sung

-- Stephen Robinson



PART THREE - SUMMER - WOODSTOCK

I was once allowed to see into the future. I saw that mankind had evolved into two different peoples. One race lived in the mountains and forests. They ran naked and were covered with hair. They never spoke, nor thought any statement. They only felt. The other lived below the earth, in offices. They made policy for the forest people. Centuries before they had lost the ability to feel.

Here at Woodstock, I can feel both races struggling within me - I can see both struggling around me. The forest people are rejoicing in their numbers; the office people are afraid. An office woman is trying to sell me a glass of water... A forest girl is inviting me to smoke grass with her. I am really not sure which I need more - to forget my thirst, or to drink.

-- David Rosenbaum



Does a breath of hashish  
really change anything?  
One can really never tell.  
There is just this very  
floaty feeling I hadn't felt  
in my body too much  
before now of tonight.  
It's kind of nice. It seems  
to tell me that there is  
really a more leavening  
way of coping with reality  
than the one I normally employ.  
Is it not nice to pass  
through time as an arrow  
or a lilting breeze?  
(through space)  
How I have plummeted up  
and down, in and out  
through gravity and reality  
levels...very hard hits.  
How many temporal  
climaxes in this life?  
(like getting born)

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon is in Lemon today,  
With Hawaiian Punch rising:  
The moon is in Passion Fruit  
When she is full;  
The moon is not in Space  
The moon is in Jello  
And we are in the middle of the bowl  
Will someone please turn on the fluorescent lights?

\* \* \* \* \*

If some of it should fall apart again,  
Just throw it out the window,  
before it throws you  
on the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hangin' out with the hornies  
On the edge of sex.  
Wherever that gets us,  
I don't know,  
But there we are  
Just hangin' along.

-- Carol Saturensky



Carol Saturensky - drawing





ON READING KEAT'S "WHEN I HAVE FEARS"

I have fears

teeming brain

high-piled books

ripen'd brain,

I behold

cloudy symbols

Their shadows

I feel

relish

unreflecting

world

love and fame.

-- Anne Severson



## MY PURPLE OVERALLS

### Part 1

wish i had a moustache  
so i could wear long underwear  
and pick my nose and smell smelly  
and sit with my legs apart and  
not comb my hair and climb mountains  
and get callouses all over and  
drink beer and catch all the foam with it  
and not care.  
wish i had a pair of overalls  
made out of purple blankets  
so i wouldn't be cold when i  
didn't wear underwear  
and so i could wear hiking boots  
and so i could sleep anywhere i wanted  
without bringing a bedroll  
and so i could squat on my heels  
and so i could grow peyote in the desert  
and just be odd.  
and so i'll look right when i grow  
my moustache.

### Part 2

i waited four hours with my finger in my  
bellybutton  
until they were done.  
i smoked a whole pack of cigarettes  
and got very nervous while they were being made.  
i tried to read a book and watch tv  
and check on them all at once.  
and when they were finished  
after those four long hours  
and they still didn't have buttons or  
buttonholes  
and i got to try them on, i wouldn't let anyone  
take them away from me.  
and i showed them to jon and to  
keef and i showed them to carol and to jeff  
and i grinned all the time i wore them.  
and i wore them all nite long.



### Part 3

one day when i was  
dressed in my purple  
overalls,  
i got very drunk  
and squatted on my heels  
at roger's and pinched  
every ass that went by.  
and didn't let anyone  
know it was me.  
after a time and all those  
asses,  
i got very hungry  
and went out to eat pancakes.  
when i got to the restaurant  
i had to go to the bathroom.  
so i went.  
and on the way back to the table  
i stuck my hands down my pants  
'cause i missed the pockets of  
my purple overalls.

\* \* \* \* \*

trouble trouble  
lady in dress today.  
fussy hair and shiny legs  
always conscious of lady ways.  
ah yes  
trouble trouble

\* \* \* \* \*

when i see the sun rise, i want to run forever with  
the dawn and feel always pure and clean. then i  
would never know the dirt and the fear that so  
quickly drive the sun on to day and a burning death  
of blackness. only to start over fresh from the  
cleansing sea-bath. dawn again. i wish on dawn  
forever.

-- merylee smith



Merylee Smith - drawing





## THE BANKS OF THE MOON

At sixteen  
I dreamed of copulation  
in an apartment  
on the top of Telegraph Hill  
at sixteen I dreamed  
of a Jaguar sedan with brown leather upholstery  
at sixteen I dreamed of  
sunrise and coffee and breakfast with geranium pots  
at sixteen  
I dreamed of women            a blonde one week  
a red head the next            at sixteen I dreamed of  
llama skin rugs and plush Oriental carpets  
plate glass and terraces  
martinis at six            at sixteen  
I dreamed of a  
Barcelona chair overlooking Alcatraz  
at sixteen  
I dreamed of            two hundred dollar suits  
fourth century            hand painted  
                         Oriental teapots and  
                         cashmere socks            at sixteen  
I dreamed of a Harvard education  
cobblestones and red brick  
and spring time picnics by the Charles  
at sixteen I dreamed of long green candles  
beaches and  
Brigitte Bardot  
at sixteen I knew Brigitte Bardot would fall for me  
                         even though I was five years younger  
at sixteen I ate fourteen figbars  
and drank bitter lemon for breakfast  
at sixteen I knew I was the smartest kid in the class  
at sixteen I refused to read Walt Whitman  
at sixteen I swore never to wear a moustache  
at sixteen I thought seashells were green and  
played banjo for Harry Belafonte  
at sixteen I wanted to be  
Elvis Presly  
at sixteen I never asked to borrow the car            was sure  
I'd die lonely and entirely misunderstood  
at sixteen I died  
died three times  
recovered  
and  
died three times more



at sixteen I thought I could be saved by a kind loving wife  
 at sixteen my biggest regret was the shortage of love  
 in our house  
 at sixteen my father drove a Cadillac at sixteen  
 my mother wore bermuda shorts  
 at sixteen  
 we had  
 two chauffeurs  
 three analysts  
 a summer house  
 eight bathrooms (three in the summer house)  
 a footman two tootsie rolls and  
 thirty-seven slaves  
 at sixteen I  
 stole my father's rubbers and  
 beat off in them at night  
 at sixteen I was relieved of constipation  
 set on a career in medicine  
 I studied late into the night  
 at sixteen I weighed 200 pounds and  
 too fat to enjoy this one at sixteen  
 I told stories of my former life  
 Count Yvgeny Voznestremsky  
 I told of rides across snow and  
 ice covered fields at Christmas  
 poplars tea and my huge sable coat  
 told of samovars and incense  
 mass and the lonely caw of gulls  
 on the edge of the lake  
 how I died for love  
 imprisoned in a far off province  
 hostage to a brother's incestuous curse  
 at sixteen I read Shakespeare  
 at sixteen I felt I was the  
 living embodiment of  
 William Butler Yeats  
 at sixteen I stopped going to synagogue at sixteen  
 I sang in the belly of the Episcopal Church  
 I rediscovered God at sixteen at sixteen  
 I rediscovered God in the talmud of St. Thomas Aquinas  
 at sixteen I danced in the rivers of Africa and fucked  
 in the cellars of Tangiers  
 at sixteen I  
 balanced snowflakes on the edge of my teacup  
 cats loved me when I was sixteen at sixteen  
 the moon decided never to leave the banks of Aquarius  
 at sixteen I changed from Libra to Gemini and back again  
 by way of the Ox



I got my rocks off at sixteen  
at sixteen I blew kisses to goats as I drove along in  
the car  
at sixteen the goats blew kisses in return  
everybody danced on the roof at sixteen  
everybody turned peppermint as he danced on the roof  
at sixteen  
at sixteen I walked a tightrope  
cows called me from the basement at sixteen  
at sixteen I answered by telegraph  
I answered by telegraph from a  
sports car travelling 400 miles per hour  
at sixteen minutes past my birthday I rolled apples and  
boxes crates eggs and  
cigarette papers at sixteen  
all the clouds turned strawberry  
at sixteen Newton appeared as Pope Pius XII  
at sixteen I was Jean Philippe Rameau  
at sixteen all God's chickens danced the gavotte  
I met my own rock Cornish hen at sixteen  
at sixteen we danced in the rivers of Africa  
at sixteen we danced in the rivers of Africa and slept  
on the banks of the moon.

-- Arthur Weiner



find the letters  
to write the sound  
the creek makes

\* \* \* \* \*

I pull off my shirt  
and feel the rays of the sun  
sinking life into my chest

\* \* \* \* \*

I've tried  
I've come close  
to making love to a cloud

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CANDY BOOK GARDENS

Where the houses are  
pink and yellow and sky blue

Where fences are made of chocolate  
and the houses have ginger bread trim  
and Rock candy is everywhere

and all the people ever do  
is tell pretty stories to each other

\* \* \* \* \*

#### I PLAYED A SONG ON HER LEGS

a song went through my head  
and I tapped the rhythm  
on her leg  
and she sang the song  
that went through my head

\* \* \* \* \*

The gentle people  
they never hit anybody  
never yell at anybody  
---not even their kids

But to release their hostilities  
they fart a lot

-- G. Weltman



Fragment from SUNDAY NIGHT - Susan Wolbarst

She started talking and could not stop. And before she knew it but after it was too late to stop it she was on the subject of family problems. She thought of her family, all scattered across the country, each person trying to kill himself in his own way. Odd, that preoccupation with dying, that deliberate pursuit of it. And she puzzled them with her way of living, without a future and without death in mind. Her own death had only jumped into her mind once and she determined not to let it happen again. At the time, and this was before she had changed her life style to accomodate her head, herself, she had been considering suicide. It's hard for her to remember how serious she was about the idea. But she considered it during a coffee break at work, casually strolling out to the fire escape and stepping off, the coffee flying out of her cup (she drank it black, no sugar) as she hurtled to her death six floors below. She had smiled, at the time she had originally formulated this plan, but her smile faded as her brain switched her to a close-up of her mangled remains on the sidewalk, which were causing people in the gathering crowd to vomit. This was self-preservation, this brain reflex, and very effective, too. After that sight of her gory flesh, the pile and puddle that had once been a person, she had literally hugged herself (you hear about this in condensed novels in women's magazines) and felt glad to be alive.

But now, sitting here, death came into her mind again. Not her own, which had been banished from that realm forever, but someone's somewhere. Someone was dying right at that moment. With the world's population being what it is, this is of course true, but she had someone more specific in mind. Someone she knew was dying. Her eyes filled with tears. He looked up at her face and saw that it had gotten pale and pinched. Her thoughts were coming fast and she had not stopped talking. "Someone I know is dying now," she said. "Right now, I can tell."

"Nobody's dying, he said, but he stopped rolling joints.

"No, you don't understand. I'm psychic. I can really tell. I know some person I know is dying. It's not surprising at all. But I wonder who." Her mind quickly started racing through the faces of people near and dear to her, people she had been meaning to write to.

"Now look," he said, refusing to let the wedge fang of death tear into the waning quietude of Sunday night, "Nobody's dying." He said this very quietly. He picked up her hand and held it. "Really. I consider myself psychic too and I know nobody's dying. Just forget it."



